

# A Modern "Flying Dutchman"



HANTOMS of the deep—strange shapes that come in the darkness on missions of terror and death—these are among the visions that haunt the brain of every old sailor man. It is when the few remaining sailing vessels come into port from their long voyages that these tales are usually forthcoming. The bark Annie M. Reid of New York is the last vessel to bring in a tale of mystery.

"We were standing by the mizzen topsail halliards when the shackle broke and the yards crashed down," said the sailor who told the story.

"We came up into the wind and hove to, and it was at that moment that we saw the strange trader—at least we thought it was a trader, probably to the Western Islands, off which we were. We signaled for help, for we did not know how we were coming out of the squall. The strange steamship—a tramp we took her to be—was not more than an eighth of a mile away, but she made no reply whatever and kept right on her course. If there had been anybody alive on the tramp he certainly would have seen us, as there was no fog to interfere. There are only two things to think of, either every soul on board was dead or we had seen one of those phantom ships they tell about. It couldn't have been a warning of death, however, for we came out of it all right."

A ship that sails by in the moonlight and does not answer when spoken, nor show any light or sign of life on board, is an even stranger apparition of the deep than those many phantom vessels which have loomed upon the sight of sailor men from out the fog or darkness. The crew of the Hengist, out of Liverpool, Captain Thearson of Liverpool in command, once saw such a specter. Capt. J. C. Norton, who was first officer of the bark Hengist, when the phantom ship passed her by, tells the story of the weird vision:

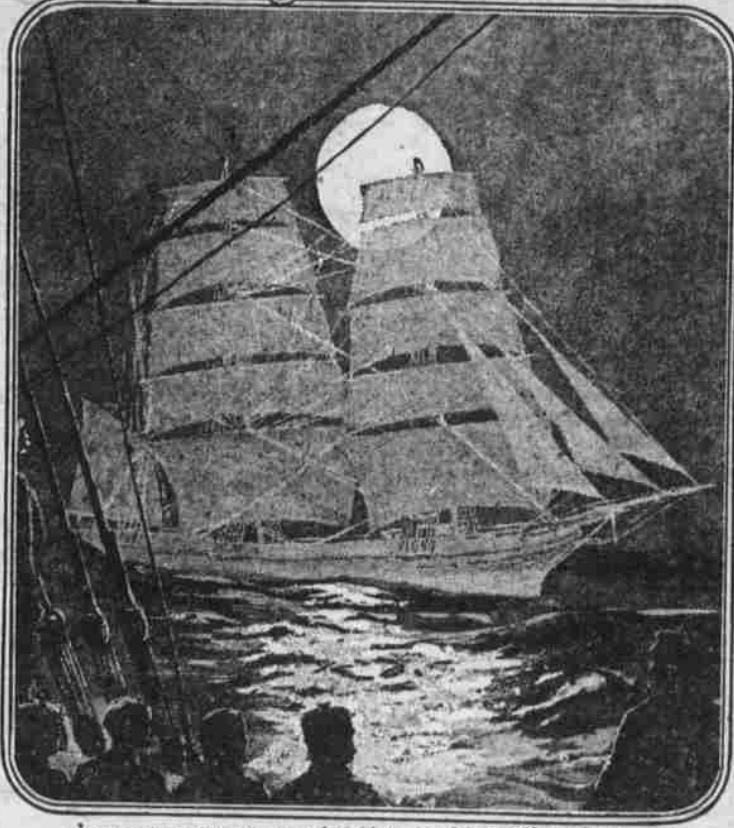
"It was in the Indian ocean that we saw her—the strange ship that I have never forgotten," said Captain Norton. "We were out of Calcutta, bound for New York, and although there was a haze the moon shone and the haze was so light that we could see perfectly well across the water. The haze was just enough to make a nice, pretty silvery veil that made everything look sort of mysterious and interesting without closing us in at all."

"There were no lights on the vessel and we couldn't see a soul on board. We spoke to her, but she didn't answer. She passed right under our stern about a biscuit's toss away, and we thought she was going to foul us. She was so near that we could feel the wind of her sails as she passed, but not a sign did she make to all our signaling—just sailed away into the hazy moonlight. Next day we had a terrible gale, one of the worst that I remember while I was at sea, and everybody thought the phantom ship had come to give warning. Way we should have been favored I don't know; but, of course, there is always a reason why those ships are seen by one vessel and not by others. Sometimes they mean harm for everybody on board, and sometimes they come simply to give a friendly warning. There was one man on board who believed that our phantom ship came to warn us of the gale because her captain had been a friend of our own captain, and when his ship went down with all on board he continued to haunt the sea. Naturally, as he felt friendly, he would show himself or his ship before a storm. I can't say I believed all that myself. All that I know was that the phantom ship did come just as I've described it."

One of the most thrilling tales of the fateful appearance of phantom ships is told by a retired first mate, who in his youth sailed under Capt. John Stebbins on the steel tramp Marletta, bound from Madeira to Brazil. "Captain Stebbins was a bluff, direct, matter-of-fact person," said the mate, "and he had little tolerance for what he declared was merely superstition, so the crew were not apt to speak over loud of their supernatural experiences. That they had them, however, was sure enough, and as I was a bit more approachable than most men in my position, they were very wont to tell their stories to me."

"There was one fellow among them named Gould, whom I could not help watching because of the strained and almost hunted look on his face. I made friends with him on purpose to get at the reason for his queer look and one day when I caught him white and shuddering on the forward deck I got it out of him."

"It seemed that a couple of years before he had been on the bridge of a passenger vessel running between Kingston and New York when they



THESE WAS NO SIGN OF LIFE ON THE PHANTOM SHIP

had run down a ship in a fog. The ship had gone down with all on board before anything could be done to save them, and this man had seen the last of her crew leaning over the side and cursing at him horribly, just before he was sucked into the water.

"He promised to find me out and to do for me wherever I should go," said the shuddering wretch, "and he'll do it, too. I look for him every night and I know he'll get me before long."

"I warned him to keep quiet about his fears and not mention his story to Captain Stebbins nor to any of the crew, for as luck would have it, with such a captain, we had on board about as superstitious a lot as I have ever seen. Italians most of them, and so bound to tell their stories of apparitions that the captain had already caught one of them at it and had him flogged as an example to the others."

"My man didn't look any more contented as the days passed and I caught him more than once whispering with some of the Italians. I asked him what they were talking about and at first he mumbled that it was nothing, but at last he admitted that the sailors had several of them seen strange sights during the night watch. They all decided that again and again they had seen a figure with wildly waving arms appear from the darkness. The man was always cursing horribly, but he was gone in a second and they could not tell exactly what he said."

"I tried to comfort Gould with the idea that since the man had not appeared to him there was no reason that he should regard the apparition as that of the man he had run down, but he would not let this ease his mind in the slightest. It was just the night after our conversation when he was on watch that the climax of the thing came."

"I heard a terrific scream from the bridge, and so did everybody else on board. I was the first up there, but the poor fellow, who was whiter than any human being I have ever seen, could not tell me what had happened before Captain Stebbins had run up on the bridge and was shaking him, declaring that he had a relapse of the fever, which we all knew he had suffered after coming off the voyage when he had run down a vessel."

"The fellow had been too much startled, however, this time to be managed even by Captain Stebbins."

"I did see him," he declared, "and he was cursing and waving his arms at me just as he did when he went down. The ship came up just like it did before out of the fog. There it was all of a sudden a great gray thing, and there he was waving his arms and screaming curses at me. And then we kept right on, running straight through the ship."

"That was all of it, and so far as I know he never saw the apparition again and he had no more hard times than fall to the lot of most sailors. But here was the remarkable part of the thing. If he had been the only one to know that anything strange had happened, then you might think it just the figment of a brain overwrought with fever. But it wasn't only his scream that brought captain and crew running to his side. Just at the time when he saw the phantom ship and as our own vessel went through it, every man on board felt a peculiar sensation. It was something like an earthquake and something like the shock that might come from running a vessel down."

"It was on board the Marienne Nottebohm, a freighter sailing between

New York and Liverpool, that a specter appeared with such persistency that for a long time, until the vision vanished forever, no member of the crew ever consented to make a second voyage. The Nottebohm was one of the old Liverpool packet ships, which carried steerage passengers as well as freight. During one of her previous voyages the captain and several of her crew had had a terrific struggle, in the course of which the captain had been so injured that he had died as a result of his wounds. No matter what the skeptical might say, crew after crew which shipped on the Marienne Nottebohm after this tragedy left the vessel at the end of the voyage swearing that every night a spectral figure appeared from the pilot house and wandered over the vessel, seeking everywhere apparently for something or somebody."

There was a terrific storm one night and the apparition was for once in a way pretty well forgotten in the more pressing perils of the moment. The night was very black and no one felt any too secure as they slipped on through the darkness. Suddenly they felt the ship come about so swiftly that they knew something strange must have happened."

"Unusual as it was," said Capt. F. C. Norton, who tells the story, "we could not stop to find out about it that night, for every man was too hot on his own part of the work to pay much attention to any other."

"After everything was all over and we could take time to talk about it the next day the helmsman told us that a spectral figure he had at first thought to be the captain had stood beside him, showing him how to lay his course. It was not until the helmsman had handled a charm his daughter had given him that he discovered his visitor was a spirit. The power of the wrath was broken at that and the helmsman put about just in time to avoid an uncharted reef the spectre had evidently been guiding him onto."

"But the Swede and his Italian mate must have seen something of the vision that night, also, for in the morning they looked like dying men and they could not be persuaded to ship again for the next voyage. Afterward we heard that they had been members of the crew which attacked the former captain of the Marienne. No doubt the murdered captain came back looking for some of his old assailants and when he found them sought to drive the vessel on the reef."

## Cecil Rhodes's Eggs.

Cecil Rhodes used to take a coop of hens on board to provide fresh eggs on his numerous voyages between England and South Africa. But those were three weeks' journeys, and not a mere five-day crossing of the Atlantic. Hence another prominent South African personage was asked why he did not follow Rhodes's example and provide himself with the luxury of new-laid eggs at sea. "Oh, I don't bother to take a coop of fowls on board," he replied, "but I tip the bos'un who looks after Rhodes's hens, and I get Rhodes's eggs."

## Had Right to Select Place.

"Bobby, my son," exclaimed the dismayed mother as she saw all her boy's belongings stacked in a corner of the closet, "haven't I tried over and over to teach you that you should have a place for everything?" "Yes, mother," said the boy cheerfully, "and this is the place."

## Or You May Go Hungry.

Don't trust the fellow who wants to borrow money for breakfast with the promise of taking you out to dinner. He frequents the edges of the fringing ditches, with their cool soil, their varied vegetation, a favorite haunt of the mollusk. Here he treats the game on the ground and, under these conditions, it is easy for me to rear him at home and to follow the operator's performance down to the smallest detail.

## William Travers Jerome sent word

from New York to the commission which was appointed by the federal court to examine into the mental condition of Harry K. Thaw, that he would not appear before them as it requested.

## FLASHES OF THE WEEK

### JOTTINGS FROM TELEGRAMS

Interesting Items Gathered From All Parts of the World Condensed Into Small Space for the Benefit of Our Readers.

#### Washington.

Just \$797,948,900 was expended last year in construction by the seven naval powers of the world, the United States standing second in the list with appropriations of \$140,800,643. Great Britain spent \$235,715,489, while Germany was not far behind the United States, with an expenditure of \$111,270,025. Japan took last place, having spent only \$48,105,151.

Four hundred marines now in the Panama Canal zone have been ordered to join the American warships off the east coast of Mexico.

Word has reached Washington that when President Wilson and John Lind held their conference on board the cruiser Chester, Mr. Lind expressed the belief that the waiting policy of the United States government toward Mexico was certain to be rewarded with success.

Nation-wide investigation of labor disturbances is to be undertaken immediately by the federal commission on industrial relations. It was announced at Washington. Decision to do so was reached following a five days' executive session.

As a result of investigation into federal credits, Senator Norris of Nebraska plans to introduce a bill for a bureau of farm loans in the department of agriculture.

#### Domestic Items.

The price of natural gas to consumers in Kansas City, Kan., hereafter will be 25 cents per 1,000 cubic feet. The supreme court has held that an act of the Kansas legislature, effective May 22, 1911, fixing the rates of all public utilities at the rates in force on January 1, 1911, did not violate the obligation of the franchise of the Wyandotte County Gas Company to furnish gas to Kansas City and that a franchise which entitled the company to increase its rates from 25 to 27 cents November 19, 1911, was not a valid one.

The United States Circuit Court of Appeals at Chicago has granted a new trial to six of the men convicted in Indianapolis of illegally transporting dynamite and denied new trials to twenty-four other appellants. The court also overruled the principal claim set up by the defense—that a conspiracy had not been proved—and held that the evidence showed "a continuing and dominating conspiracy against the United States."

The report of the National Highway Protective Society shows that in 1913 in New York state 124 persons were killed and 140 injured at grade crossings. That compares with a total of 107 in 1912.

Five men are known to be dead and half a dozen were seriously injured in a fire which destroyed the Kearns hotel, a second class rooming house and restaurant at Newark, O.

Unless J. P. Morgan returns to the Fairfax, Va., county archives the will of Martha Washington, originally stolen and now in Morgan's collection, he may have to face a grand jury charge, Representative Charles C. Carlin of Virginia said recently.

Nearly 300,000 bushels of Argentine corn were unloaded in New York the other day, and millions more from the South American republic are under contract.

W. P. McGrath shot and killed his wife at Osage City, Kan. He fired several shots with a revolver. One of the bullets entered the right cheek below the eye and the other high up on the left temple. He then turned the revolver upon himself, inflicting a wound in the right temple, which may prove fatal.

A thief watched Mrs. Helen Hood place \$1,000 in diamonds in her stocking and retire. While she slept he fished the stocking and the diamonds out of the window with hook and line.

Governor Ferris of Michigan has taken hold of the strike situation in the copper country. With his coming a practical truce went into effect and both sides expressed a willingness to await his findings before initiating new measures.

William Travers Jerome sent word from New York to the commission which was appointed by the federal court to examine into the mental condition of Harry K. Thaw, that he would not appear before them as it requested.

Fifty thousand persons of the class who "never go to church" attended services in the various churches of St. Louis as the result of a vigorous advertising campaign conducted last week by the Federation of Churches.

**900 DROPS**

**CASTORIA**

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT  
A Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

**INFANTS—CHILDREN**

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral. **NOT NARCOTIC**

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed—  
Aloes—  
Rhubarb—  
Senna—  
Licorice—  
Ginger—  
Cinnamon—  
Cloves—  
Mace—  
Nutmeg—  
Peppermint—  
Sage—  
Thyme—  
Rosemary—  
Lavender—  
Sandalwood—  
Stearine—  
Castor Oil—

A Perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP

Fac Simile Signature of  
*Dr. H. H. Hatcher*

THE CENTAUR COMPANY,  
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old  
**35 DROPS—35 CENTS**

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act

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## CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

of

In Use For Over

Thirty Years

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THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

**At Church in Holland.**  
In many parts of Holland men still wear their hats in church. Moreover, smoking in church is not considered irreverent by the Dutch when service is not in progress, and it is said, even the ministers sometimes indulge in this practice.

Altogether, Dutch Protestantism is, it would seem, from a certain standpoint, a comfortable form of religion. One may keep his hat on in church, which saves him many a chill; he may talk freely and in his natural voice, not in a whisper; he has a neat housemaid in a white cap and apron to show him to his pew or to offer him a chair; and he has nice drab pews of painted deal all around him and a cheerful "two-decker" pulpit above.

**Of Course Not.**  
Jinks—There goes Simpkins. He has a perfect wife. We ought to consult him, he surely knows how to manage a wife.

Blinks—Useless; no man would give away a valuable secret like that.

## THICK, GLOSSY HAIR FREE FROM DANDRUFF

Girls! Beautify Your Hair! Make It Soft, Fluffy and Luxuriant—Try the Moist Cloth.

Try as you will, after an application of Danderine, you cannot find a single trace of dandruff or falling hair and your scalp will not itch, but what will please you most, will be after a few weeks' use, when you see new hair, fine and downy at first—yes—but really new hair—growing all over the scalp.

A little Danderine immediately doubles the beauty of your hair. No difference how dull, faded, brittle and scraggy, just moisten a cloth with Danderine and carefully draw it through your hair, taking one small strand at a time. The effect is immediate and amazing—your hair will be light, fluffy and wavy, and have an appearance of abundance; an incomparable luster, softness and luxuriance, the beauty and shimmer of true hair.

Get a 25 cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any store and prove that your hair is as pretty and soft as any—that it has been neglected or injured by careless treatment—that's all. Adv.

**Stern Duty.**  
"Well, little boy, do you want to buy some candy?"

"Sure I do, but I gotta buy soap."

Life.

**That Was Her Business.**  
"How did that manœuvre ever manage to marry that old millionaire?"

"She just nailed him, I guess."

**Caught.**  
Mrs. Peck—John Henry, did you mail that letter?  
J. Henry—Yes, my dear, I—er—held it in my hand all the way to the mail box. I didn't even put it in my pocket, I remember distinctly, because—  
Mrs. Peck—That will go, John Henry. I gave you no letter to mail.  
—Judge.

## "CASCARETS" FOR A BILIOUS LIVER

For sick headache, bad breath, Sour Stomach and constipation.

Get a 10-cent box now. No odds how bad your liver, stomach or bowels; how much your head aches, how miserable and uncomfortable you are from constipation, indigestion, biliousness and sluggish bowels—you always get the desired results with Cascarets.

Don't let your stomach, liver and bowels make you miserable. Take Cascarets to-night; put an end to the headache, biliousness, dizziness, nervousness, sick, sour, gassy stomach, backache and all other distress; cleanse your inside organs of all the bile, gases and constipated matter which is producing the misery.

A 10-cent box means health, happiness and a clear head for months. No more days of gloom and distress if you will take a Cascaret now and then. All stores sell Cascarets. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a cleansing, too. Adv.

**No Cure for Cancer Yet.**  
In his annual report Dr. E. F. Bushford, general superintendent of research in the laboratories of the imperial cancer research fund, told the members of the society that during the past year there had been 12 claims to the discovery of a cure for cancer. All of these had been investigated and no justification for any one of these claims had been obtained. Doctor Bushford also said women were more liable to cancer than men. In England and Wales in 1910 the death rate from cancer was 856 per 1,000,000 for men and 1,070 for women.

As the London Times says editorially in commenting upon this report: "The only reasonable expectation of curing cancer still rests upon its complete removal by the surgeon at the earliest possible time after it is discovered."—Medical Record.

**The Whitewasher.**  
Crawford—What are the duties of a coroner?

Crabshaw—When there's an accident he must always find a reason to show that nobody was to blame.

## The Secret of Health is Elimination of Waste

Every business man knows how difficult it is to keep the pigeon holes and drawers of his desk free from the accumulation of useless papers. Every housewife knows how difficult it is to keep her home free from the accumulation of all manner of useless things. So it is with the body. It is difficult to keep it free from the accumulation of waste matter. Unless the waste is promptly eliminated the machinery of the body soon becomes clogged. This is the beginning of most human ills.

## DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY

(In Tablet or Liquid Form)  
Assists the stomach in the proper digestion of food, which is turned into health-sustaining blood and all poisonous waste matter is speedily disposed of through Nature's channels. It makes men and women clear-headed and able-bodied—restores to them the health and strength of youth. Now is the time for your rejuvenation. Send 50 cents for a trial box of this medicine.

Send 31 one-cent stamps for Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser—1008 pages—worth \$2. Always handy in case of family illness.

Address R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.

## GLOW WORMS ANESTHETICS

Before he begins to feast the glow worm administers an anesthetic writes Henri Fabre in the Century. He chloroforms his victim, rivaling in the process the wonders of modern surgery, which render the patient insensible before the surgeon operates on him. The usual game is a small snail, hardly the size of a cherry, which in hot weather collects in clusters on the stiff stubble and other

long, dry stalks by the roadside, remaining there motionless, in profound meditation, throughout the scorching summer days. It is in some such resting place as this that I have often been privileged to light upon the lampyris banqueting on the prey which he had just paralyzed on its shaky support by his surgical artifices.

But he is familiar with other pre-